

At Home, Friday 11 P.M.

Jan 24. 1896.

My own darling Grace, -

Just a little report to you of the efforts in Harlem tonight. -

I took five aids from our own Chapter, - Ingals, Tucker, Kimball, Wales and Chamberlin, - all were the fruit of our efforts and they planted new seed in new soil, for darling, - there were thirty one boys, all interested and quite orderly gentlemen, met and had a most wonderful gathering. Mr. Stanton was down toward the close and two Harlem gentlemen were with us, - one said to me afterwards, - "This is what I

have wanted all my life
and now you have come to
us with your friends, it is
sure to be a success."

Mr. Maltby was there as a
Harlem School teacher and
said words of encouragement
and will help in every way
possible. - He was so filled to
overflowing at the "order" and
"vital interest" those thirty one
Harlem boys should be could
scarcely explain his satisfaction
and joy. Well, darling, I know
your prayers followed us and
I am sure this work is as
much a result of your sympathy
and encouragement as anything
else. You have always, as have
your father and mother encouraged
me wonderfully in all my
philanthropic enterprises?

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The folks have just come home
from Bob Burdette's lecture and
George has split the buttons
off his vest from excessive
laughter. They are all
so happy and so am I. -
I let Harold read your Madame
Cappiani letter and took it
over to Laura just before
supper to leave to let your
home people read it. Harold
says he has scarcely written
his home people, but will write
you soon. - I am going to
go with him tomorrow Saturday
afternoon to see the Dore
Gallery at the art Institute,
We have secured some "d. j. soupers"

to do the bandaging tomorrow and will do every thing but surgery to prepare us for a couple of exams soon now on. —

My worst one is Tuesday at 9 AM. — 8 AM. your time. Ho pray for me my darling. — I am fairly well prepared but do not fear the ultimate result although am a little "shakky" about my knees for this one, but she never knows where lightning will strike. —

Good night now my dear ever present one, who cheers me always. — Laura said "she had been told to have me over to tea on Sunday to cheer me up," David "I am always happy," but will be over on Sunday and think and talk of you. —

Your own true Clarence.

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management and rather insists on certain of his views and as a result some of the boys have in days gone by played a joke or two on him. — So one was played one hot, dusty, summer evening when "Uncle Henry" came to church on his two wheeled cart; — Some chap tied his duster tight to his cart wheel, — and it made him angry and it was worried about I did the act, — which I never heard of, until two weeks later when the gentleman refused to speak to me. — Well I had to wear off the acquisition and it took several months and I don't know but what "Uncle Henry" still

believes it was me;— But it made
Mar very angry to have me
accused of a small mean
trick and I had a deal of
fun over that joke, then there
are dozens of others. — One more
darling. — It was about the
time you were in Wales, that
one evening we had a grand
social up on Delavan Lake
at the Deon Club and there
it was Mar Van fell in my
hands as a professional man. — A
severe bite from some animal in
her hand, — and of course heroes
develop suddenly on such occasions.
But all these for something
to tell you of the little
jokes, which are many, existing
between us. — I can certainly
not answer her joking at this
distance, but can explain most

any you refer to.

My darling your dream
had poetry in it certainly, —
"Up higher and higher" — You
know one of our mothers is!

Alta fetters, — Aiming high!
I wish such dreams would come
to me, but dear, so far the
maid who holds the secret combination
to the entrance of dream land
has failed to visit me since
you left. — But I can think
wide awake when and wherever I
am, — of you as my blessing
for whom my life efforts have
been pledged and accepted. —

No one knows but what Miss Fallows
may be favored some day, — but if

She is not, it will never
effect our own true affection
of which words are too weak
and mean too little to express
so she can understand.

I trust that when I
go in early in the morning
when calling at Hoggan's for my
proofs I can get them and
send them on to you. If
they are enclosed look them over
and decide which you wish
me to have finished. Your word
is law. Then return them, but
show no one the untouched proofs
which are filled with imperfections.

Good night now my dear Sunshine,

Yours ever loving
Clairé.

Am very sleepy but am now off for
a thought again of Sunshine as I rest my head
on the pillow, "Sunshine".



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c/o Mrs. Russell.

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